

But hee is dround; and these are diuels; O defend me.

Ste. Foure legges and two voyces; a most delicate Monster: his forward voyce now is to speake well of his friend; his backward voyce, is to vtter foule speeches, and to detract: if all the wine in my bottle will recouer him, I will helpe his Ague: Come: Amen, I will poure some in thy other mouth.

Tri. *Stephano.*

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy: This is a diuell, and no Monster: I will leaue him, I haue no long Spooone.

Tri. *Stephano:* if thou bee'st *Stephano*, touch me, and speake to me: for I am *Trinculo*; be not afraid, thy good friend *Trinculo*.

Ste. If thou bee'st *Trinculo*: come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legges: if any be *Trinculo's* legges, these are they: Thou art very *Trinculo* indeede: how cam'st thou to be the sieg of this Moone-calf? Can he vent *Trinculo's*?

Tri. Iooke him to be kil'd with a thunder-strok; but art thou not dround *Stephano*: I hope now thou art not dround: Is the Storme ouer-blowne? I hid mee vnder the dead Moone-Calfes Gaberdine, for feare of the Storme: And art thou liuing *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitanes* scap'd?

Ste. Prethee doe not turne me about, my stomacke is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, and if they be not sprights: that's a braue God, and beares Celestiall liquor: I will kneele to him.

Ste. How did'st thou scape?

How cam'st thou hither?

Sweare by this Bottle how thou cam'st hither: I escap'd vpon a But of Sacke, which the Saylor heaued o're-board, by this Bottle which I made of the barke of a Tree, with mine owne hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll sweare vpon that Bottle, to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly.

St. Heere: sweare then how thou escap'd'st.

Tri. Swom ashore (man) like a Ducke: I can swim like a Ducke I'll be sworne.

Ste. Hege, kisse the Booke.

Though thou canst swim like a Ducke, thou art made like a Goose.

Tri. O *Stephano*, ha'st any more of this?

Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke by th'sea-side, where my Wine is hid:

How now Moone-Calf, how do's thine Ague?

Cal. Ha'st thou not dropt from heauen?

Ste. Out o'th Moone I doe assure thee. I was the Man ith' Moone, when time was.

Cal. I haue scene thee in her: and I doe adore thee: My Mistis shew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Bush:

Ste. Come, sweare to that: kisse the Booke: I will furnish it anon with new Contents: Sweare.

Tri. By this good light, this is a very shallow Monster: I afraid of him? a very weake Monster: I am the Man ith' Moone?

A most poore credulous Monster: a most foolish Well drawne Monster, in good sooth.

Cal. He shew thee every fertill ynh' o'th Island: and I will kisse thy foote: I prethee be my god.

Tri. By this light, a most perfidious, and drunken Monster, when's god's a sleepe he'll rob his Bottle.

Cal. He kisse thy foot. He sweare my selfe thy Subject.

Ste. Come on then: downe and sweare.

Tri. I shall laugh my selfe to death at this puppi-headed Monster: a most scurvie Monster: I could finde in my heart to beate him.

Ste. Come, kisse.

Tri. But that the poore Monster's in drinke: An abhominable Monster.

Cal. I'll shew thee the best Springs: I'll plucke thee Berries: I'll fish for thee; and get thee wood enough, A plague vpon the Tyrant that I serue; I'll beare him no more Sticks, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

Tri. A most ridiculous Monster, to make a wonder of a poore drunkard.

Cal. I prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow; and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig-nuts; show thee a Iayes nest, and instruct thee how to snare the nimble Marmazet: I'll bring thee to clustring Philbirds, and sometimes I'll get thee young Scamels from the Rocke: Wilt thou goe with me?

Ste. I prethee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King, and all our company else being dround, wee will inherit here: Here; beare my Bottle: Fellow *Trinculo*; we'll fill him by and by againe.

Caliban sings drunkenly.

Farewell Master; farewell, farewell.

Tri. A howling Monster: a drunken Monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish,

Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,

Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish,

'Ban' ban' Cacalyban

Has a new Master, get a new Man.

Freedome, high-day, high-day freedome, freedome high-day, freedome.

Ste. O braue Monster; lead the way.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Fer. There be some Sports are painful; & their labor

Delight in them set off: Some kindes of basenesse

Are nobly vndergon; and most poore matters

Point to rich ends: this my meane Taske

Would be as heauy to me, as odious, but

The Mistis which I serue, quickens what's dead,

And makes my labours, pleasures: O She is

Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed;

And he's compos'd of harshnesse. I must remoue

Some thousands of these Logs, and pile them vp,

Vpon a fore iniunction; my sweet Mistis

Weepes when she sees me worke, & saies, such basenes

Had neuer like Executor: I forget:

But these sweet thoughts, doe euen refresh my labours,

Most busie left, when I doe it.

Enter Miranda

Mir. Alas, now pray you

and Prospero.

Worke not so hard: I would the lightning had

Burnt vp those Logs that you are enioynd to pile:

Pray set it downe, and rest you: when this burnes

I will weepe for hauing wearied you: my Father

Is hard at study; pray now rest your selfe,

He's

Hee's safe for these three houres.

Fer. O most deere Mistis,

The Sun will set before I shall discharge

What I must strue to do.

Mir. If you'll sit downe

I'll beare your Logges the while: pray giue me that,

I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No precious Creature,

I had rather cracke my sinewes, breake my backe,

Then you should such dishonor vndergoe,

While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me

As well as it do's you; and I should do it

With much more ease: for my good will is to it,

And yours it is against.

Pro. Poore worme thou art infected,

This visitation shewes it.

Mir. You looke wearily.

Fer. No, noble Mistis, 'tis fresh morning with me

When you are by at night: I do beseech you

Cheefely, that I might let it in my prayers,

What is your name?

Mir. *Miranda*, O my Father,

I haue broke your heft to say so.

Fer. Admir'd *Miranda*,

Indeede the top of Admiration, worth

What's deere to the world: full many a Lady

I haue ey'd with best regard, and many a time

Th' harmony of their tongues, hath into bondage

Brought my too diligent care: for severall vertues

Haue I lik'd severall women, neuer any

VVith so full soule, but some defect in her

Did quarrell with the noblest grace she ow'd,

And put it to the foile. But you, O you,

So perfect, and so peetelesse, are created

Of euerie Creatures best.

Mir. I do not know

One of my sexe; no womans face remembres

Sauie from my glasse, mine owne: Nor haue I scene

More that I may call men, then you good friend,

And my deere Father: how features are abroad

I am skillesse of; but by my modestie

(The iewell in my dower) I would not wish

Any Companion in the world but you:

Nor can imagination forme a shape

Besides your selfe, to like of: but I prattle

Something too wildly, and my Fathers precepts

I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition

A Prince (*Miranda*) I do thinke a King

(I would not so) and would no more endure

This woddent slauerie, then to suffer

The flesh-flie blow my mouth: heare my soule speake,

The verie instant that I saw you, did

My heart flie to your seruice, there resides:

To make me slauie to it, and for your sake

Am I this patient Logge-man.

Mir. O you loue me

Fer. O heauen; O earth, beare witness to this sound,

And crowne what I professe with kinde euent

If I speake true: if hollowly, inuert

VVhat best is boaded me, to mischief: I

Beyond all limit of what else i'th world

Do loue, prize, honor you.

Mir. I am a foole

To weepe at what I am glad of.

Pro. Faire encounter

Of two most rare affecti

On that which breeds be

Fer. VVherefore wee

Mir. At mine vnwon

VVhat I desire to giue;

VVhat I shall die to wa

And all the more it seeke

The bigger bulke it shew

And prompt me plaine an

I am your wife, if you wi

If not, Ile die your maid

You may denie me, but I

VVWhether you will or no

Fer. My Mistis (deere

And I thus humble euer

Mir. My husband ther

Fer. I, with a heart as

As bondage ere of freedo

Mir. And mine, with

Till halfe an houre hence

Fer. A thousand, thou

Pro. So glad of this as

VVho are surpriz'd with

At nothing can be more:

For yet ere supper time,

Much businesse appertain

Scen

Enter Caliban, S

Ste. Tell not me, when

water, not a drop before:

em' Seruant Monster, dr

Tri. Seruant Monster

say there's but five vpon

if th' other two be brain'd

Ste. Drinke seruant M

eies are almost set in thy h

Tri. VVhere should

braue Monster indeede if

Ste. My man-Monster

sacke: for my part the Sea

ere I could recover the sh

off and on, by this light

Monster, or my Standard

Tri. Your Lieutenant

Ste. VVeele not run Mo

Tri. Nor go neither:

say nothing neither.

Ste. Moone-calf, speake

a good Moone-calf.

Cal. How does thy hon

Ile not serue him, he is no

Tri. Thou liest most i

to iustle a Constable: wh

was there euer man a Cow

Sacke as I to day? wilt th

but halfe a Fish, and halfe

Cal. Loc, how he mo

Lord?